

Bush, Dead Meat

Your dead meat
Your dead meat
Your dead meat
Your

It's your dead meat from former days
I am your crisis
Blue asbestos in your veins
I'm your broken fingers
I've killed you twice, I will again
Revenge is eager
See first you'll crash, then you'll burn

Dorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along in this car crash weather

Your dead meat
Your dead meat
Your dead meat
Your

It's your dead meat, formaldehyde
Didn't phase me
I soon returned to track you down
For your confession
I'll be your poison and your pain
I'll be your struggle to be sane
Exploited, lament
And the places you never went

Dorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along in this car crash weather
Car crash weather
Dorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along in this car crash weather
Car crash weather
Car crash weather
Weather

I'm doing you in tomorrow
That's why I'm dressed in all this sorrow
I'm doing you in tomorrow
I'll burn before I mellow

Dorothy died for your pleasure
It's hard to get along
It's hard to get along

It's your dead meat from former days
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